

CONDENSED CLASSICS

THE TWO ADMIRALS

By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

Condensation by Cyrus Townsend Brady



At the age of 17, James Fenimore Cooper determined to enter upon a naval career in the service of his country. His apprenticeship was begun on a freighter sailing from New York to Cowes.

In a stormy passage of 40 days, he endured the vicissitudes of life before the mast. This was followed by an even rougher period of 53 days. These adventures furnished vivid material for thrilling episodes in his sea novels.

After this he served in the navy in various capacities, storing up invaluable experience to be related by thousands in the pages of his books.

At the age of 21 he married. This happy marriage and strong-willed man was easily influenced throughout his life by his wife, to whom he was deeply devoted. Through her he abandoned his ambition for a naval career.

Not until he was 30, however, did he begin to write. His first novel was dull beyond belief. Nevertheless his friends urged him to try again. This time he laid the scene in his own land and wrote of patriotism, the passion of his own heart. "The Spy" appeared in 1821 and was soon so popular as to make the largest sales yet won by an American writer.

Cooper had written his first novel to prove that he could invent a more interesting tale than one he had just read. He likewise wrote his first sea story to rival Scott's "The Pirate," and to prove that the author of a sea novel should have lived on a shipboard in order to know not only the ocean, but the intimate ways and workings of ships. "The Pilot" was convincing. It met with instantaneous and brilliant success in Europe and America.

SOME time since an American publisher invited a group of men, including among others Roosevelt, Barnes, Spens, Connolly and the writer, to select the six greatest romances of the sea. "The Two Admirals" was the one of Cooper's sea tales included by a unanimous vote.

Well does the book deserve its selection for it is without question the greatest of all the novels of the sea, all of which I have read and not a few of which I have written.

It has more of the best of Cooper, and less of his worst, than any of his naval or other romances. No writer was ever more at home on a ship's deck than Cooper—not even Marryat. And all his knowledge of the great deep, the way of ships therein, the habits and customs of sailors, has been utilized in full measure in this immortal story. It rings true alike to seamen and landmen.

There is a subsidiary story concerning the love affairs of a gallant young sea officer, Sir Wycherly Wychembe, and Mildred Dutton-Bluewater, a damsel as lovely, as delicate and as innu as Cooper at his worst could describe. Whenever she appeared she was either teased with blushes or bursting into tears. On one occasion she wept steadily for above one half hour!

The supposed daughter of a drunken, retired officer and a woman of the middle class, Mildred turns out to be the lawful niece of one of the two admirals, just in time to soothe his dying hours; while her husband, a Virginian, turns up in the nick of time with the papers in his hands to prove his succession to the ancient title and lands of Wychembe. All of which is excessively tiresome.

Fortunately the greater part of the book is taken up with the doings of the Two Admirals. The puerile, pre-mid-Victorian romance will easily be forgotten but the remainder will richly repay the reader.

In 1745 when George II reigned in England the young pretender, Charles Edward, made that daring and unsuccessful dash for a crown which came to a bloody end at Culloden in the following year. It is that abortive but gallant effort which furnishes the motive for the action of the novel.

Vice Admiral of the Red Sir Gervaise Oakes commanded a well fitted, well officered, well manned, homogeneous fleet of ships-of-the-line which had been cruising in the Bay of Biscay. Associated with him was Richard Bluewater, rear admiral of the White, second in command. These two men, both wedded to the service alone, had been shipmates and friends, during a naval career of nearly forty years. Oakes was a typical English admiral, a superb sailor, a downright fighter; Bluewater his complement and opposite, a subtle thinker and a brilliant tactician. The combination was ideal, as was the completeness of a friendship, not to say an affection, as sincere as it was lasting. Nothing had ever broken it; nothing, it was believed, ever would break it.

In but one point did the true friends differ. Oakes was a Whig, Bluewater a Tory. It did not seem possible, however, for political consideration to interrupt their warm relations. The bold adventure of Charles Edward bade fair to do that very thing, however. For Bluewater, frank, unworld-

ly sailor that he was, cleverly played upon by politicians, began to waver between the House of Hanover, whose commission he held, and the House of Stewart, to which his heart inclined.

To bring matters to a head M. le Vice Amiral Le Comte de Vervillon, sailed from Cherbourg with a fleet of such ships as fairly entitled him to challenge the English fleet of Vice Admiral Oakes for the mastery of the narrow seas.

The latter, more than willing to try out the matter, at once put to sea in a heavy gale of wind, his capital ships weighing anchor in succession with long intervals between them so as to spread a broad clue to intercept the French. Bluewater with his division brought up the rear. The rear admiral was obsessed with the idea that De Vervillon's course had something to do with the pretender's effort and his conscientious scruples threw him into a piteous state of indecision. The vice admiral was not troubled by any such subtle casuistry. He only saw the enemy whom it was his duty to beat when, where and how he could.

After a series of the most brilliant tactical maneuvers and a successful minor engagement with the whole French fleet by his division alone—the two divisions had got separated in the mad gale and Bluewater had called his own ships around him—the vice admiral found himself with five ships in the vicinity of the French who were just double in number. Far away to windward the morning disclosed the five ships of the rear admiral's division slowly standing down toward his superior under easy sail.

Bluewater was still in his state of painful indecision. As soon as within signal distance, by using a private and personal code, he sent the following pleading dispatch to his considerate superior:

"God sake—make no signal—engage not."

This signal plunged Oakes, fully aware of the state of his beloved junior's mind, into the most terrible dilemma. Without the assistance of Bluewater's division he could not hope to engage the enemy with the least chance of success. On the other hand should he now withdraw without fighting he would have failed in his duty and would have been professionally ruined—and rightly. His mind was at once made up. Attack he would and must.

Would the friendship between the two admirals stand the test he imposed upon it? Did the younger care more for Oakes and England than for the young prince and France? A short time would determine. Magnanimously refraining from making any embarrassing signal to his friend, which might force his hand untimely, Oakes boldly led down upon the waiting French line and with his five ships brought them to close action. The French were quick to take advantage of the opportunity given them by the hesitations of the English rear admiral. Holding Oakes with five of his ships to leeward De Vervillon threw the other five under Des Prez, his contre amiral on the windward side of the English doubling on them, placing them between two fires.

Although Oakes' division fought with the fury of despair the end was at hand when the opportune arrival of Bluewater, who could not stand seeing his friend pounded to pieces and who threw political considerations to the wind and bore down on the triumphant French under a press of sail, completely changed the issue and wrested victory from defeat. All of which is set forth in a succession of sea pictures of surpassing grandeur.

Bluewater, remorseful over his in-corditude, actually carried the French rear admiral's ship by boarding at the head of his men, receiving a mortal wound in the attack by way of expiation. Space allows me only to mention the masterly descriptions of ship maneuvering and thrilling sea fighting. I can only refer to some of the well-drawn characters in the story; the two splendid admirals, their captains, the officers and seamen, especially old Gallego the admiral's steward, delineated out of a large experience with a sure hand. And the great ships themselves are imbued with personality so dear to a seaman's heart.

The touching scene at the close of the book, in which Oakes, old, infirm, forgetful, praying before the tomb of Bluewater in the great abbey of Westminster, recalls the last battle the two had fought and with all of his former fire and fervor describes again those moments of suspense preceding the glorious victory, fits rounds out the tale. And then death unites him with the friend he had loved and lost.

I have read the book a score or more of times with ever increasing joy. I envy anyone who takes ship for the first time to sail and fight with these two great masters of the sea.

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Exercise in Open Air.

"The child who is brought up in such a way that he is sensitive to slight changes in temperature," said Dr. Llewellyn Barker of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, "is bound to suffer from it sooner or later. If children be suitably dressed and are early accustomed to taking a cool bath in the morning and to walks out of doors each day, rain or shine, cold or warm, the skin and nervous system acquire a tolerance for variations in temperature desirable for health. An out-of-door life for children also leads them unconsciously to exercise their muscles more than is possible for the child who stays indoors."

How America Is Aiding Stricken Poland



Children of Grodno, Poland, learning gardening under the supervision of workers of the American joint distribution committee. A thousand children are cared for here daily while their mothers are at work.

JAMAICA REAL BAT PARADISE

Live in Extensive Caverns, From 10,000 to 15,000 in a Group.

IMPORTANT ECONOMIC VALUE

Scientist Finds Twenty Different Varieties—Some Kill Insects and Are Useful to Man—Others Destroy Fruit.

New York.—Returning recently from the island of Jamaica, in the West Indies, where he spent four months on a scientific expedition, H. E. Anthony, associate curator of mammals at the Museum of Natural History, brought back with him many fine specimens of bats, which are numerous in that and other islands in the West Indies.

"The only mammals native to the islands today," Mr. Anthony said, "are twenty species of bats and one species of rodent. These different bats range in size from small bats, with a wing spread of six inches, up to very large bats, with a wing spread of from twenty-eight to thirty inches."

People in the United States, where bats are comparatively rare animals, have no idea of the variety and abundance of them in such a place as Jamaica, or of the important economic value of the bat. They are either insect-eating or feed on fruits. The insect-eating varieties are small for the most part, and have considerable value as insect destroyers. They feed on mosquitoes and on a great variety of winged insect life, many of which are obnoxious to man or injurious to agriculture.

Homes in Caves.

The island is composed largely of limestone, and caves are of frequent occurrence, and these caves are the abode of by far the greater part of the bat population. Many caves are small, but not infrequently caves are found which are several miles in length. Some such have great subterranean chambers through which rivers run, passing completely under some small mountain chain; others have a series of intercommunicating chambers through which a person may walk for hours without retracing his steps. It is in such places that innumerable hosts of these peculiar animals may be found, and it is no exaggeration to estimate their numbers in a single large cave as 10,000 or 15,000 individuals.

When a person enters such a cave and disturbs the inmates a scene of wild confusion ensues, in which a veritable whirlwind of flying forms may deluge the intruder and rush about through every part of the cave. To one to whom a bat is a repulsive and diabolical creature such an intimacy would be highly distasteful, but to one who understands the bat it is a most interesting experience. Such a meeting affords an opportunity for an intimate insight into the animal's home life. While the flight of the bat under normal circumstances is perfectly noiseless, in such chambers in which thousands of individuals are flying wildly about the noise of their wings sounds like a great wind storm.

In the caves are great piles of guano deposited by the bats. These deposits sometimes are 15 or 20 feet thick and are valuable as fertilizer; it is used by natives on fields. In a good cave many tons may be taken out without exhausting the supply. There are species of bats, such as the fruit-eating, which are not so useful to man. Some of the larger bats belong to this group. They come out of their homes an hour before dark and fly about fruit trees, searching for ripe fruit. They eat a great variety of fruits, depending on the season and locality. They eat bananas, naseberries, sweetsop, ripe coffee berries, rose-apples and many other varieties.

Fish-Eating Bat.

If the fruit is small they cut it loose and fly away with it, but if it is large they cling to it and eat it on the

tree. Some of the smaller fruit-eating bats are very highly developed for the purpose of living off fruits, and some have very long tongues; one such variety with a body not larger than two and a half or three inches has a tongue which may be protruded an inch and a half beyond the nose. A peculiar specimen is the so-called fish-eating bat, which has been observed at dusk flying low over the water and swooping from the surface minute crustaceans and marine forms.

Enemies of bats are owls which catch fruit-eating bats and the large snake hoo of the West Indies. Bats are social in habit and not solitary, and they have peculiar social characteristics. If four different varieties of bats are found in a cave, each kind keeps to its own group and does not fraternize with others. The same is true of sex. Clusters of males are in one group and clusters of females in another. Bats are nervous creatures, highly strung, and acute of hearing. They are among the oldest living mammals. Bats, those who have studied them say, do not get tangled in one's hair, and they will not attack one, yet if grabbed they will bite.

There are more than 2,000 different varieties of bats in the world. The two major groups are divided into insectivores and the large fruit-eating bats.

SAY CZAR OILER ON FREIGHTER

Customs Men Trail Crown Jewels After Reporters Are Excluded.

RELIEVED DOCKING TEDIUM

But Really There Were 13 Supposedly Noble Russians in the Crew of the Steamer Gov. John Lind From Copenhagen.

New York.—The ordinary humdrum ending of the voyage from Copenhagen of the American freighter Gov. John Lind was marked by two happenings not ordinarily recorded in the log. The first was the discovery by the ship's officers that reporters without their knowledge had invaded the stokehold intent on finding out whether a very distinguished group of Russian oilers, stokers, a bos'n and a mess boy, a dozen in all, were really the late czar of Russia and a number of the members of his former suite.

This excitement had just been quieted and the reporters expelled when there came the customs man, who had heard the story of the escaped Russian ruler and were following a rumor that jewels worth anywhere from \$200,000 to \$1,000,000, or perhaps it was not dollars but rubles, were concealed on board. They were allowed to investigate and they went away without telling the result of the search.

Knew the Sea.

The Russians were the subject of conversation among the American members of the crew all the way across the Atlantic. They were good natured and answered amiably when the others addressed them as "Count," "Duke," "Prince" or even "Your Highness." One thing the American members of the crew found out was that the Russians knew the sea. They said they intended to follow it permanently.

When the members of the crew asked Sergius Tchistekoff if he was a prince they reported that he answered with due solemnity that he was. Sure, the mess boy also said he was a duke.

The Lind berthed alongside a pier at the foot of West 131st street. When

THESE GIRLS TOO MODEST

Cincinnati University Coeds Name Qualities Requisite in the Husband.

Cincinnati, O.—University of Cincinnati coeds have their own ideas about how a husband should look and act. Agreement of opinion picked the ideal husband wanted by college girls as tall, dark, athletic, broad shouldered, whiskered and good looking. One girl says: "He must sing, dance and play the piano. He must be tall, thin, have a tiny nose, no whiskers, be fond of purple and like pumpkin pie." Another girl says she "doesn't want a saintly creature, just a human, brave and true, strong honest and ambitious, broad shouldered, and he must be young, so I can train him to suit myself. He must have shiny Auburn hair, with persistent natural marcell and gorgeous blue eyes."

Rock, Perfect Shape of Mule's Head, Is Found

White Plains, N. Y.—A rock which is a perfect mule's head in shape was found by workmen in a quarry on the farm of John Emmke, near here, the other day.

The rock was uncovered while stone for the construction of a dam was being gotten out. Emmke has refused many offers for the curiosity.

reporters got on board some of the crew pointed out a grimy figure who looked like the late head of the Romanoff family.

"There is the czar," said one of the crew with due impressiveness. "Are you a member of the Romanoff family?" asked the reporter.

The distinguished oiler in soiled denims stroked his beard with a work-hardened hand. "I really wish you would not ask me that," he said in a quiet voice.

"Say, czar," said the news reporter, as he pointed toward an imposing-looking member of the engine room force, "is that a prince?"

The refined member of the crew stopped stroking his beard and looked in the direction indicated by an outstretched arm. "Really," he said, "I think he is."

Asked About Jewels.

"Did you bring over any family jewels?" came the next question. The round-eyed audience from the stoke hold moved involuntarily forward.

"A few," said the bearded oiler. "They are worth considerable money," suggested the questioner.

"I don't know"—at this point the pier superintendent ordered the visitors off the ship. With a wave of his hand the distinguished oiler departed to his job below decks.

One of the Russians, Wasibz Perepelkin, served as an officer on the journey from Denmark. The others are listed on the ship register as John Tiltia, boatswain; George Schachorkoy, twenty-four years old; Vladimir Kvjatkovsky, twenty-two years old; John Swalgenivor, twenty-two years old; Paul Lialko, twenty-eight years old; Boris Labensky, twenty-five years old; John Stuchbury, No. 1, twenty-one years old; John Stuchbury, sixty-five years old; Alex Strackoff, oiler, twenty-two years old; Paul Tschizoff, twenty-two years old; Nick Wreden, eighteen years old, mess boy.

Tipperary Skull Found in Ohio. Jackson, O.—A bullet fired by a man he was trying to arrest struck Sheriff William J. Davis squarely in the forehead, but turned off without penetrating. The sheriff found four Richmond (Ind.) men in a hotel at 2 a. m. with a quart of booze. After flooring the sheriff with a shot, they escaped.

TOO WEAK TO DO ANYTHING

A Serious Feminine Illness Remedied By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Casco, Wis.—"After the birth of each of my children I had displacement and was so weak I could do nothing I found a book about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and so thought I would try it, and after taking it I soon felt better. That was fifteen years ago and I have felt well ever since except that I had a slight attack of the trouble some time ago and took some more of your Compound and was soon all right again. I always recommend your medicine and you may publish my testimonial for the benefit of other women."—Mrs. JULES BERO, Jr., R. 1, Box 59, Casco, Wis.



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and today holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills in this country, and thousands of voluntary testimonials prove this fact.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (Confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

One Wild Thrill.

"The life of a cowboy must be something wildly adventurous," remarked the tourist.

"To speak the truth confidential," replied Cactus Joe, "I always found it pretty tame except once, and that was when a movin' picture company came along and fooled me into goin' along and helpin' to give the exhibition."

CUSTOMS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Who among us would say to-day, "I never use a Dentifrice; I never have to?" Yet fifty years ago, odd as it may seem, not one person in 1,000 used a Dentifrice—or even a tooth brush.

So to-day, after more than 30 years of persistent publicity of Allen's Foot-Ease, the Antiseptic Powder for the Feet, not many well-turned-out people care to confess, "You know I never have to use a Powder for the Feet!"

More than One Million five hundred thousand pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war.

The reason is this: Confining the feet in Leather or Canvas Shoes is bound to create friction more or less. Allen's Foot-Ease removes the friction from the shoes. It is this friction which causes callouses, corns and bunions. You know what friction does to your motor-car axle. Why not remove it from your footwear by Shaking into your Shoes to-day, Allen's Foot-Ease, the cleanly, wholesome, healing, Antiseptic powder? Get the habit, as millions now have it, who inhabit our, as yet, imperfect world.—Adv.

Extravagance.

"Extravagant, isn't he?" "What makes you think so?" "He still puts two spoonfuls of sugar in his tea."

Success results largely from the sum of little things well done.

To abort a cold and prevent complications, take

Calotabs

The purified and refined calomel tablets that are nausealess, safe and sure.

Medicinal virtues retained and improved. Sold only in sealed packages. Price 35c.

Money back without question if HUNT'S SALVE fails in the treatment of ITCH, ECZEMA, RINGWORM, TETTER or other itching skin diseases. Price 75c at drug stores, or direct from A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Shreveport, La.

BABIES LOVE MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP The Infant's and Children's Regular Pleasant to give—pleasant to take. Guaranteed purely vegetable and absolutely harmless. It quickly overcomes colic, diarrhoea, flatulency and other like disorders. The open published formula appears on every label. At All Druggists

KODAK FINISHING TRIAL ORDER—Send 25c and roll for 6 prints, or 4 negatives for regular size prints. Day Night Studio, Sedalia, Mo. Dept. A.